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CONFUCIUS THE ANCIENT CHINESE MORALIST AND PHILOSOPHER.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

No. V.

CONFUCIUS.

KONG-FU-TSE, or, as he is usually called, Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher and moralist, of antiquity, was born in the year 551 before Christ, in the kingdom of Lu, which is now known by the name of the province of Schan-tong. From his earliest years, he displayed signs of a ripe understanding; no childish occupations, sports, or games, were to his taste, and his modest and serious deportment acquired for him the good-will of all men. By the time he had reached the age of fifteen he had studied the ancient writings of his country, for the purpose of forming within his own heart, and of instilling into that of others, a love for virtue. In his nineteenth year he married, and had a son named *Pe-yu*, who died in the fiftieth year of his age, but left behind him a son, named *Tso-ssee*, and he, following the steps of his grandfather, devoted himself to wisdom, and rose to one of the first dignities of the empire.

Confucius devised a plan for establishing in all the small kingdoms, of which the empire of China was then composed, a wise and salutary system of government, hoping thereby to effect a reformation of the national manners. In those days, each province of China being a separate government, had its own laws, and was governed by its own king. All these kingdoms acknowledged, and were in some degree dependent on, the emperor, but his authority was not always sufficient to repress the insubordination, or to control the vicious government of the barbarian princes. Confucius thought it his duty to reform the vices that disgraced his native country, and accordingly taught temperance, disinterestedness, sincerity, equity, and a contempt of luxury, confirming his precepts by his own example. His sincerity, his knowledge, and the fame of his virtues, soon made him known throughout the empire, and being called upon to accept the office of magistrate, he agreed to take it, in order that he might thereby be enabled to follow up the reformation of public manners with greater vigour and success.

In the fifty-fifth year of his age he was made chief minister to the king of Lu, and in that station he reformed, with the greatest wisdom, the whole constitution of his native land.

The kingdom of Lu was ruled during so long a period by this wise statesman, that it became the happiest in all the empire of China. The change, however, excited the jealousy of some of the neighbouring princes, who feared that the king of Lu would become too powerful, if he continued to follow the wise counsels of Confucius. Among these was the king of Tsi, and he laid a deep snare wherein he entrapped the unwary king of Lu, who falling into his old habits of licentiousness, neglected his duties and misgoverned his subjects. Confucius exerted himself to rescue his sovereign from his new degradation, but in vain; he therefore laid down his office, quitted his native land, and betook himself to other kingdoms, where he hoped to find better success. In the kingdoms of Tsi, Gonsi, and Tsou, he at first met with no particular success; the severity of his morals made him an object of fear to the people, and the ministers of the several kings beheld him with jealousy. Confucius accordingly continued to travel from one province to another, and frequently experienced the greatest want. Notwithstanding this, he instructed a vast number of scholars, many of whom, on account of their talents and their virtues, have

been called the Flower of the Confucian School. The sect which sprung from this teaching is still numerous in China, and has extended to Cochin-China.

The religious opinions of Confucius are unknown, but there is reason to believe that he taught the immortality of the soul. In his precepts to his followers he inculcated the practical duties of common life, and the exercise of benevolence, justice, virtue, and honour. He strictly enjoined implicit respect and obedience to existing governments and institutions, and an observance of national usages and customs, it being proper, he said, that people who live together in a community, should sympathize in each other's wants and happiness. Modesty and affability were chief traits in his character; he spake nothing in his own praise, and disliked to hear others praise him. When his learning was admired, he said that he had invented nothing, but that the precepts which he taught had been composed by wise legislators, Rao and Chun, who had lived more than 1500 years before him.

Confucius died in the land of his fathers, an old man of seventy-three years of age, in the year 478 before the birth of our Saviour. A splendid monument was raised to his memory in the city of Kio-fu, on the banks of the river Su, where he had often taught his scholars. The whole empire lamented his death, and his memory is, even to this day, venerated in China.

He was, in figure, tall and well made; he had a broad chest, strong shoulders, and a majestic aspect. The colour of his face had something of a swarthy tinge; he had large eyes, a long and thick beard, a somewhat broad nose, and a very loud and distinct voice. In honour of him, there have been large buildings erected in almost every city, wherein the mandarins and nobles assemble on certain days, and sing songs, and present a kind of offering in honour of his memory. These marks of respect, however, have not anything of an idolatrous nature in them; for Confucius did not approve of religious veneration towards any created thing, and, also, has clearly shown, that, in veneration itself, there is nothing, or at least there ought to be nothing, of an idolatrous tendency.

It is a general custom, among the Chinese, to assemble together on certain days in a hall, which they call the Hall of their Fathers and Forefathers, and there to burn gilded paper, and perform certain other ceremonies, in honour of their ancestors.

Many works are ascribed to Confucius, some of which he probably did not write; of these parts have been translated into German, and parts into English; the following are specimens of his maxims, which are still prevalent in China.

He who has offended God has no longer any protector.

It is the duty of a king to instruct his subjects. But will he enter into the house of each to give them lessons? No! he should speak to them by his example.

The goodness of a prince is not less conspicuous in the punishments he inflicts, than in the favours he bestows.

The wise man is always on the bank, and the fool in the midst of the waters.

The fool complains that he is not known by men, the wise man that he does not know them.

Always act as if you were observed by ten eyes and pointed at by ten hands.

To do wrong and not to repent of it is indeed to do wrong.

A good heart leans towards kindness and indulgence; a contracted heart never passes patience and moderation.

The virtue which is not sustained by gravity obtains no authority amongst men.

TIME.

TIME is the most undefinable, yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had. It is more mysterious in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house: it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.—LACON.

THE person who corrupts the faith, or taints the morals of another, may commit such an injury, as the whole world could not compensate: and if he draw his brother into sin, it is hardly to be conceived, much less to be expressed, how wide this sin may extend, and what numbers it may be the cause of corrupting and ruining hereafter. Thus, not only infidel authors, or infidel companions, may do great mischief; but also all other authors, and all other companions, who entice and insnare; and who insinuate the poison of vice by the wit and mirth, the agreeableness and pleasantry, with which they know how to disguise, and set it off.—TUCKER.

NATURALISTS observe, that when the frost seizes upon wine, they are only the slighter and more watery parts that are subject to be congealed; but still there is a mighty spirit, which can retreat into itself, and there within its own compass be secure from the freezing impression of the element around it; and just so it is with the spirit of man;—while a good conscience makes it firm and impenetrable, outward affliction can no more benumb or quell it, than a blast of wind can freeze up the blood in a man's veins, or a little shower of rain soak into his heart, and quench the principle of life itself.—SOUTH.

FAREWELL.

When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell:
When hands are link'd that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid Farewell!
When hope is chidden,
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell:
When fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again;
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid Farewell!—BISHOP HEBER.

THE UTILITY OF POCKETS.

Of all the inventions of the tailor (who is of all artists the most inventive), I hold the *pocket* to be one of the most indispensable. Birds have their *craw*; ruminating beasts their *first*, or *ante-stomach*; the monkey has his *cheek*; the opossum her *pouch*; and so necessary is some convenience of this kind for the human animal, that the savage, who cares not for clothing, makes for himself a pocket if he can. The Hindoo carries his snuff-box in his turban; some of the inhabitants of Congo make a secret fob in their woolly *toupet*, of which, as Labat says, the worst use they make is, to carry poison in it. The Matolas, a long-haired race, who border upon the Caffres, form their locks into a sort of hollow cylinder, in which they bear along their little implements, certes a more sensible bag than such as is worn at court. The New Zealander is less ingenious: he makes a large opening in his ear, and carries his knife in it. The Ogres, those mighty heroes of the romances of by-gone days, who were, of course, described as worse than savages, and whose ignorance and brutality was in proportion to their bulk, were said, upon the authority of tradition, when they had picked up a stray traveller or two more than they required for supper, to lodge them in a hollow tooth as a place of security till breakfast-time; whence it may be inferred that they are not liable to tooth-ach, and that they made no use of tooth-picks.

Ogres, savages, beasts, and birds, then, all require something to serve the purpose of a pocket. Thus much for the necessity of the thing. Touching its antiquity, much might be said; for it would not be difficult to show, with that little assistance from the auxiliaries *must*, and *have*, and *been*, that pockets are coëval with clothing. Moreover, Nature herself shows us the utility, the importance, nay, the indispensability, of pockets.

There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever: some are without eyes, many without noses; some have no heads, others no tails; some neither the one nor the other; some there are who have no brains, others very pappy ones; some no hearts, others very bad ones; but all have a stomach,—and what is the stomach, but a live inside-pocket?

Dr. Towers used to have his coat-pockets made of capacity to hold a quarto volume,—a wise custom; but requiring stout cloth, good buckram, and strong thread, well waxed. I do not so greatly commend the humour of Dr. Ingenhousz, whose coat was lined with pockets of all sizes, wherein, in his latter years, when science had become to him as a plaything, he carried about various materials for chemical experiments: among the rest, so many compositions for fulminating powders in glass tubes, separated only by a cork in the middle of the tube, that, if any person had unhappily given him a blow with a stick, he might have blown up himself and the Doctor too.

For myself, four coat-pockets, of the ordinary dimensions, content me; in these, a sufficiency of conveniences may be carried, and that sufficiency methodically arranged. For mark me, gentle, or ungente reader! there is nothing like method in pockets, as well as in composition: and what orderly and methodical man would have his pocket-handkerchief, and his pocket-book, and the key of his chambers (if he be a bachelor living in chambers), and his knife, and his loose pence and half-pence, and the letters which, peradventure, he might just have received, or, peradventure, may intend to drop in the post-office, two-penny or general, as he passes by, and his snuff, if he be accustomed to regale his

olfactory conduits, or his tobacco-box, if he be dirty enough to need one; or his box of lozenges, if he should be troubled with a tickling cough; and the sugar-plums and the gingerbread-nuts which he may be carrying home to his own children, or to any other small men and women upon whose hearts he may have a design; who, I say, would like to have all this in chaos and confusion, one lying upon the other, and the thing which is wanted first, fated always to be underneath,—the snuff working its way out to the gingerbread, the sugar-plums insinuating themselves into the folds of the pocket-handkerchief, the pence grinding the lozenges to dust for the benefit of the pocket-book, and the door-key busily employed in unlocking the letters.—*The Doctor.*

THE CHINCHILLA, (*Chinchilla lanigera*.)

THE beautiful fur of the Chinchilla, which exceeds in warmth and softness that of any other animal, has long been known as an expensive and useful article in the dress of ladies; but, well known as it was in commerce as a valuable fur, no information had been obtained as to the animal that furnished it, until within this few years. The first Chinchilla that arrived alive in England was brought by the late expedition to the north-west coast of America, under the command of Captain Beechey, and was presented by him to the Zoological Society. An entire skin, rendered particularly valuable in consequence of its having the skull preserved in it, was brought at the same time, and is now in the British Museum.



THE CHINCHILLA.

Naturalists being thus furnished with the means of examining both its structure and habits, have ascertained that the Chinchilla belongs to the *Rodentia*, or gnawing animals, and that it is a species intermediate between the hares and the jerboas. By some authors it had been considered a species of squirrel, others called it a rat; among these was Molina, the Italian naturalist, who describes its habits in the following manner.

The Chinchilla is another species of field-rat, in great estimation for the extreme fineness of its wool, if a rich fur, as delicate as the silken webs of the garden-spiders, may be so termed. It is of an ash gray, and sufficiently long for spinning. The little animal which produces it is six inches long from nose to the root of the tail, with small pointed ears, a short muzzle, teeth like the house-rat, and a tail of moderate length, clothed with a delicate fur. It lives in burrows underground in the open country, in the northern provinces of Chili, and is very fond of being in company with others of its species. It feeds upon the roots of various bulbous plants, which grow abundantly in those parts, and produces, twice a year, five or six young ones. It is so docile and mild in temper, that if taken into the hands it neither bites nor tries to escape, but seems to take a pleasure in being caressed. If placed in

the bosom, it remains there as still and quiet as if it were in its own nest. This extraordinary placidity may possibly be rather due to its timid nature. As it is in itself peculiarly cleanly, there can be no fear of its soiling the clothes of those who handle it, or its communicating any bad smell to them, for it is entirely free from that ill odour which characterizes the other species of rats. For this reason it might well be kept in the houses with no annoyance, and at a trifling expense, which would be abundantly repaid by the profit on its wool. The ancient Peruvians, who were far more industrious than the modern, made of this wool coverlets for beds and valuable stuffs.

Since the arrival of the specimen we have already mentioned, another individual was added to the collection of the Society; this differed somewhat in the colour of its fur from the first, and was also larger. When the new-comer was first introduced into Bruton-street, it was placed in the same cage with the other specimen, but the latter appeared by no means disposed to submit to the presence of the intruder. A ferocious kind of scuffling fight immediately ensued between them, and the latter would unquestionably have fallen a victim, had it not been rescued from its impending fate. Since that time they have inhabited separate cages, placed side by side, and although the open wires would admit of some little familiarity taking place between them, no advances have as yet been made on either side.

These specimens, however, are dead, and we are not aware that at present there is a living Chinchilla in England.

NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

No. X.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

IN reply to the evidence we have brought forward respecting the state of the American journals, it may be urged, that the vast superiority of English habits and manners over those of the United States, would operate with sufficient force to keep in check an unstamped and unlicensed Newspaper Press in this country. To a certain extent we admit that this would be the case. Without doubt many of the English newspapers, though left entirely without restraint, would consult the taste of the peaceable and the enlightened classes of society, and would be careful not to outrage the courtesies of life. But far different, we fear, would be the case with a majority of those journals who affect to address themselves to the humbler classes—to those classes who are most prone to be misled by violent or false counsel, from the circumstance of their lacking time and opportunity to become fully acquainted with the bearings on society at large of those matters on which they desire information; and in a country like our own, where so much *real* liberty, both of opinion and action, exists, it must almost inevitably happen that the political writer who puts forth the most exciting topics, in the most declamatory style, will be highest in favour (it may be, but for a short season,) with individuals so circumstanced. Far be it from us, in expressing this opinion, to disparage the intellectual attainments of the humbler classes of this country: happily, both for themselves and for those above them, they stand pre-eminent among the nations of the earth, for intelligence, worth, and a proper discharge of their social duties. But it cannot be denied, that the pen is sometimes a dangerous instrument in the hands of designing men, when used to excite the passions, instead of appealing to the judgment, of that class of the community who are known to be the least likely to discover, at the moment, the impositions practised upon their credulity.

It may, however, be contended, that the imposition of a duty on newspapers is a mere financial operation of the government; and that it is unsound argument to assume that any higher object is either contemplated, or attained, by the stamp-laws. We will not stop to inquire what was the *intention* of the parties who originally imposed the duty; but its effects, (combined with the other securities exacted from newspaper-proprietors,) appear to us to be, that it renders unnecessary the infliction of other restraints upon political writings, which, as being more direct and obvious, would most certainly be more congenial to the national taste. At the same time, it cannot with justice be maintained, that while it is found necessary, in every civilized community, for each member to subject himself to certain restrictions, (which human infirmity renders indispensable,) in order that he may receive that full protection from the injustice or malice of others, which others, in return, receive, as regards his own actions,—all such restriction is to be removed in the case where, perhaps, above every other, the power to do extensive injury and mischief most readily exists. Much diversity of opinion prevails, as to the respectability and responsibility of the English newspaper-press, as now constituted; and we fear truth will compel the acknowledgment, that there are instances to be found, where it is already of so degraded a nature, as scarcely to admit of further debasement. But why is it considered unnecessary to interfere with that portion, as the case at present stands? Simply, we conceive, because it forms so minute a fraction in the aggregate of newspaper-publications, that a sufficient antidote issues contemporaneously with the poison, to nullify its baneful tendency: besides which, we find even the exceptions referred to, restrained in some degree by the restrictions imposed, and driven to convey by obscure hints and innuendoes, those gross attacks on institutions or individuals which their conductors would fain express more undisguisedly.

Although the English newspaper-press may not boast of enrolling in its service counts without castles, and barons whose empty titles form almost their sole possessions, (as is the case with our volatile neighbours across the channel,) yet its importance is daily more understood, and better appreciated; and the secret history of many of the newspapers now published, would, we have no hesitation in asserting, develop an array of respectability and talent, which we are little prepared to expect. In an account, published a few months since, of distinguished individuals who either then were, or had been, directly connected with the newspaper-press of this country, we find enumerated twelve members of parliament, three judges, a solicitor-general, and a consul-general*; and it has been justly remarked of these individuals, that their only claims to the preferments they have attained, were those of having served the public cause, or the interests of their party, well, faithfully, and ably. With these facts before us, in proof of the progressive improvement, and, by consequence, the increasing importance of the newspaper-press, we are of opinion that it is an object worthy of the nation and of its government, to endeavour to enhance that utility and that respectability of which, it is evident, the periodical press is susceptible—rather than to hazard its rapid deterioration, by throwing open the market to unrestricted competition; and by

so doing, in all probability, introduce amongst us unnumbered sources of splenetic controversy, where all sound principle and enlarged views will be in danger of being lost sight of, in the infinite variety of minor shades of opinion which a host of angry, and perhaps undignified, disputants will exhibit. If we look around, and observe what is passing in other countries, we shall find, from the moment the press becomes altogether uncontrolled,—from that moment its real liberty is compromised and rapidly abridged: the re-action which the outraged interests of society creates, having been uniformly fatal even to the fair and just immunities of political writers. When, in addition to these reasons, we take into consideration the loss we should sustain in the deteriorated character of the entire range of newspaper-literature, (a deterioration which, we trust, we have satisfactorily established, both by the evidence of fact and inductively, must ensue) we shall, it is to be wished, see the propriety of treating the question of the (so-called) *extension* of political knowledge†, not as one of “pounds, shillings, and pence,” but as one of grave importance to the best interests of the community;—as one, also, involving the security or insecurity of that boasted privilege of Englishmen—the wholesome liberty of canvassing, and to a great extent controlling, the actions of public men, by means of the temperate expression of public opinion in the newspaper press.

SINCE the foregoing observations were committed to paper, it has been found necessary, in order to check the daily-increasing infringement of the law, to reduce the newspaper stamp-duty to one penny—continuing, and indeed slightly extending, the privilege of a free transmission of newspapers by post. In spite of numberless precautions, and constant seizures and confiscations, it was calculated that the circulation of *unstamped* (and therefore illegal) newspapers had reached the number of 200,000 sheets weekly, or nearly ten and a half millions per annum! As, however, Lord Melbourne has publicly declared his conviction, “that the question should not only be regarded as one of a financial character, but of a moral and political nature;” it may be reasonably expected, that the duty retained will be rigidly enforced; and that the other securities exacted from newspaper-proprietors, (which are scarcely affected at all by the new law) will not operate less effectually than hitherto, in preserving the respectability of the public journals.

† In a well-written pamphlet recently published, in which the writer professes to treat this question simply in a *literary* point of view, the following passage occurs:—“There is no tax upon knowledge—there is no tax upon any printed sheet treating of religion, morals, philosophy, in all its comprehensive branches, the arts and sciences, or, in fact, the whole range of literature. But there is, and wisely in my opinion, a tax upon the record of diurnal occurrences connected with the ever-varying changes of the universal political system; and experience has justified the imposition, by its tendency to check the dissemination of blasphemy and sedition, and, to a certain extent, secure the government and the people against the designs of the enemies of social order.”

TRAVELLER, as roaming over vales and steeps,
Thou hast, perchance, beheld in foliage fair
A willow bending o'er a brook—it weeps,
Leaf after leaf, into the stream, till bare
Are the best boughs, the loveliest and the brightest;
Oh! sigh, for well thou may'st, yet as thou sighest,
Think not 'tis o'er imaginary woe;
I tell thee, traveller, such is mortal man,
And so he hangs o'er fancied bliss, and so,
While life is verging to its shortest span,
Drop one by one his dearest joys away,
Till hope is but the ghost of something fair,
Till joy is mockery, till life is care,
Till he himself is unreflecting clay.—HENRY NEELE.

* The name of that eminent philosopher, Coleridge, may be added to a list which could be easily swelled to an extent far beyond the prescribed limits of this article: the *Morning Post* was the scene of his labours as a journalist. Inglis, the intelligent writer on Ireland, emerged from the humble sphere of a Jersey newspaper, to become an authority on all subjects connected with the sister kingdom.

THE "POLICE OF NATURE."

THE law of universal mortality being the established condition, on which it has pleased the Creator to give being to every creature upon earth, it is a dispensation of kindness to make the end of life to each individual as easy as possible. The most easy death is, proverbially, that which is the least expected; and though, for moral reasons, peculiar to our own species, we deprecate the sudden termination of our mortal life, yet, in the case of every inferior animal, such a termination of existence is obviously the most desirable. The pains of sickness, and decrepitude of age, are the usual precursors of death, resulting from gradual decay; these, in the human race alone, are susceptible of alleviation from internal sources of hope and consolation, and give exercise to some of the highest charities, and most tender sympathies of humanity. But throughout the whole creation of inferior animals, no such sympathies exist; there is no affection or regard for the feeble and aged; no alleviating care to relieve the sick; and the extension of life through lingering stages of decay and of old age, would to each individual be a scene of protracted misery. Under such a system, the natural world would present a mass of daily suffering, bearing a large proportion to the total amount of animal enjoyment. By the existing dispensations of sudden destruction and rapid succession, the feeble and disabled are speedily relieved from suffering, and the world is at all times crowded with myriads of sentient and happy beings; and though to many individuals their allotted share of life be often short, it is usually a period of uninterrupted gratification; whilst the momentary pain of sudden and unexpected death is an evil infinitely small, in comparison with the enjoyments of which it is the termination.

The inhabitants of the earth have ever been divided into two great classes,—the one herbivorous, the other carnivorous; and though the existence of the latter may, at first sight, seem calculated to increase the amount of animal pain, yet, when considered in its full extent, it will be found materially to diminish it.

To the mind which looks not to general results in the economy of nature, the earth may seem to present a scene of perpetual warfare, and incessant carnage: but the more enlarged view, while it regards individuals in their conjoint relations to the general benefit of their own species, and that of other species with which they are associated in the great family of nature, resolves each apparent case of individual evil, into an example of subserviency to universal good.

Under the existing system, not only is the aggregate amount of animal enjoyment much increased, by adding to the stock of life all the races which are carnivorous, but these are also highly beneficial even to the herbivorous races, that are subject to their dominion.

Besides the desirable relief of speedy death on the approach of debility or age, the carnivorous confer a further benefit on the species which are their prey, as they control their excessive increase, by the destruction of many individuals in youth and health. Without this salutary check, each species would soon multiply to an extent, exceeding in a fatal degree their supply of food, and the whole class of herbivora would ever be so nearly on the verge of starvation, that multitudes would daily be consigned to lingering and painful death by famine. All these evils are superseded by the establishment of a controlling power in the carnivora; by their agency the numbers of each species are maintained in due proportion to one another,—the sick, the lame, the aged, and the

supernumeraries, are consigned to speedy death; and while each suffering individual is soon relieved from pain, it contributes its enfeebled carcass to the support of its carnivorous benefactor, and leaves more room for the comfortable existence of the healthy survivors of its own species.

The same "police of Nature," which is thus beneficial to the great family of the inhabitants of the land, is established with equal advantage among the tenants of the sea. Of these also, there is one large division that lives on vegetables, and supplies the basis of food to the other division that is carnivorous. Here again we see, that in the absence of carnivora, the uncontrolled herbivora would multiply indefinitely, until the lack of food brought them also to the verge of starvation; and the sea would be crowded with creatures under the endurance of universal pain from hunger, while death by famine would be the termination of ill-fed and miserable lives.

The appointment of death by the agency of carnivora, as the ordinary termination of animal existence, appears, therefore, in its main results, to be a dispensation of benevolence; it deducts much from the aggregate amount of the pain of universal death,—it abridges, and almost annihilates, throughout the brute creation, the misery of disease, and accidental injuries, and lingering decay; and imposes such salutary restraint upon excessive increase of numbers, that the supply of food maintains perpetually a due ratio to the demand. The result is, that the surface of the land, and depths of the waters, are ever crowded with myriads of animated beings, the pleasures of whose life are co-extensive with its duration; and which, throughout the little day of existence that is allotted to them, fulfil with joy the functions for which they were created.

Life, to each individual, is a scene of continued feasting, in a region of plenty; and when unexpected death arrests its course, it repays with small interest the large debt, which it has contracted to the common fund of animal nutrition, from whence the materials of its body have been derived. Thus the great drama of universal life is perpetually sustained; and though the individual actors undergo continual change, the same parts are ever filled by another and another generation; renewing the face of the earth, and the bosom of the deep, with endless successions of life and happiness.—BUCKLAND'S *Bridgewater Treatises*.

THE impossibility of proving that God is not, discovers to me that he is.—LA BRUYERE.

THE advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them.—MONTAIGNE.

WE ought to teach children that which will be most useful to them when they become adults.—*Agesilaus, King of Sparta*.

OUR physical well-being, our moral worth, our social happiness, our political tranquillity, all depend on that control of all our appetites and passions, which the ancients designed by the cardinal virtue of temperance.—BURKE.

FORGET not in thy youth to be mindful of thy end; for though the old man cannot live long, yet the young man may die quickly.—LORD BURLEIGH.

IF you can be well without health, you may be happy without virtue.—SIR P. SYDNEY.

THE first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humour, and the fourth wit.—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

CHILDHOOD.

And still I looked upon their loveliness,
 And sought through nature for similitudes
 Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss;
 And fairest imagery round me thronged:
 Dew-drops, at day-spring, on a seraph's locks,
 Roses that bathe about the well of life;
 Young loves, young hopes, dancing on morning's
 cheek,
 Gems leaping in the coronet of love!
 So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed
 As made entire of beams of angels' eyes.
 Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little things,
 Playing around the den of sorrow, clad
 In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
 And thinking man and woman true! all joy;
 Happy all day, and happy all the night.—POLLOCK.

THE MULETEER,

THE general medium of traffic, crosses the Peninsula, from the Pyrenées and the Asturias, to the Alpuxarras, the Sierra de Ronda, and even to the gates of Gibraltar. He lives frugally and hardily; his alforjas, of coarse cloth, hold his scanty stock of provisions; a leathern bottle hanging at his saddle-bow, contains wine, or water, for a supply across barren mountains and thirsty plains. A small cloth spread upon the ground is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle is his pillow. His low, but clean-limbed and sinewy frame, betokens strength; his complexion is dark and sun-burnt; his eye resolute but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion; his demeanour is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation, "Dios guarde a usted! Va usted con Dios!"—God guard you! God be with you, Cavalier!—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE greatest flood has the soonest ebb; the sorest tempest the most sudden calm; the hottest love the coldest end; and from the deepest desire oftentimes ensues the deadliest hate. A wise man had rather be envied for providence, than pitied for prodigality. Revenge barketh only at the stars, and spite spurns at that she cannot reach. An envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbours. Envy is the daughter of pride, the author of murder and revenge, the beginner of secret sedition, and the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison, or quicksilver which consumeth the flesh, and drieth up the marrow of the bones.—SOCRATES.

ANECDOTE OF AN ARAB.

My conversation with Abdulla Aga was interrupted by the arrival of a medical gentleman, who had long resided at Abusheher, and who was not more remarkable for skill in his profession than a kindness of heart, which led him to devote his time to the poorer inhabitants of the country who sought his aid. He had just been setting the broken leg of an Arab, of whom he gave us a very characteristic anecdote.

"The patient," said the doctor, "complained more of the accident which had befallen him than I thought becoming in one of his tribe. This I remarked to him, and his answer was truly amusing. 'Do not think, doctor, I should have uttered one word of complaint, if my own high-bred colt, in a playful kick, had broken both my legs; but to have a bone broken by a brute of a jackass is too bad, and I will complain.'"

This distinction of feeling as to the mode in which bones are broken is not confined to the Arabs. I once met an artillery-man, after an action in India, with his arm shattered, who was loudly lamenting his bad fortune. I pointed in an upbraiding manner to some fine fellows on the ground whose luck had been worse. "It is not the wound, sir," he replied, in a passion, "of which I complain; had I lost a limb by a cannon-ball I should not have said a word; but to lose one by a rascally rocket would make any one mad!"—*Sketches of Persia.*

THE want of due consideration is the cause of all the unhappiness a man brings upon himself. Hear much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and greatest evil that is done in the world.—SIR W. RALEIGH

PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

THERE are two errors, into which we easily slip when thinking of past times. One lies in forgetting, in the excellence of what remains, the large overbalance of worthlessness that has been swept away. Ranging over the wide tracts of antiquity, the situation of the mind may be likened to that of a traveller in some unpeopled part of America, who is attracted to the burial-place of one of the primitive inhabitants. It is conspicuous upon an eminence, "a mount upon a mount!" He digs into it, and finds that it contains the bones of a man of mighty stature: and he is tempted to give way to a belief, that as there were giants in those days, so that all men were giants.

But a second and wiser thought may suggest to him, that this tomb would never have forced itself upon his notice, if it had not contained a body that was distinguished from others, that of a man who had been selected as a chieftain or ruler for the very reason that he surpassed the rest of his tribe in stature, and who now lies thus conspicuously inhumed upon the mountain-top, while the bones of his followers are laid unobtrusively together in their barrows upon the plain below.

The second habitual error is, that in this comparison of ages we divide time merely into past and present, and place these into the balance to be weighed against each other, not considering that the present is in our estimation not more than a period of thirty years, or half a century at most, and that the past is a mighty accumulation of many such periods, perhaps the whole of recorded time, or at least the whole of that portion of it in which our own country has been distinguished.—COLERIDGE.

Father of light and life! thou Good supreme!
 O teach me what is good! thou teach Thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit!—THOMSON.

THE RUINS OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY,
READING, BERKSHIRE.

THESE extensive ruins, which at present offer to the inquiring eye merely a mass of unshaped blocks, consisting chiefly of flint, strongly united by a very hard cement, are all that now remain of one of the most extensive of the religious institutions of the land. It was built on the site of a more ancient abbey, which was probably destroyed by the Danes in the year 1006, at the time they burnt the town of Wallingford. The foundation of the present building was laid in the year 1121, in the reign of King Henry the First. At the same time, the institution was endowed, by the king, with abundance of lands and immunities; the abbot had the privilege of establishing a mint, and appointing a mint-master; and the abbot himself was a mitred abbot, and a peer of the realm.

In those ages, when a belief existed in the efficacy of real or fancied relics of saints, a most singular object of this kind was presented to the abbey by the Empress Matilda, who brought it from Germany in the reign of Henry the Second. It was the hand of St. James the Apostle, and in such high estimation was this relic held, that it was carefully enclosed in a case of gold, of which it was afterwards stripped by Richard the First. This monarch, however, granted an additional charter, and gave one mark of gold to cover the hand, in lieu of the precious metal he had taken away. His brother, King John, confirmed this charter, and presented to the abbey another equally wonderful relic, namely, the head of St. Philip the Apostle.

Although the abbey is said to have been built in four years, it was not until 1164 that the church was consecrated; this was done by the renowned Archbishop Becket, and was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John, although it was called the church of St. Mary. The relic of St. James's hand, or, at least, that which is supposed to be the same, is at present in existence; it was discovered, about fifty years ago, by some workmen, while employed in digging, and, after passing through various hands, at last found its way into the Museum of the Philosophical Society of Reading. This relic consists of the left hand of a human being, half closed, with the flesh dried on the bones.

No record appears to exist of the time when the buildings of the abbey were first dismantled, but it is evident that they were in ruins in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for, when the church of St. Mary, in the town of Reading, was rebuilt, the queen granted two hundred loads of stones from the old abbey, for the purpose of the repairs.

About eighteen months since, an enterprising gentleman in the neighbourhood, purchased a part of the ground on which the ruins stand, and has commenced excavations in various places; the rubbish has been removed in many quarters, and the base of some of the pillars and walls have been discovered. From these discoveries it appears that the portions of the walls, as they at present appear, only formed the core, as it were, or centre of the original masonry; the conjecture is, that the casing of the walls, which are of a kind of freestone, were first built to a certain height, and that the present mixture of flints and cement was afterwards poured in, in a liquid state, to fill up the cavity. When the destruction of the building took place, the freestone-facing was most readily detached, and we find numerous pieces of stone, which evidently once belonged to the abbey, in many of the buildings of the town.

During the time of the Civil Wars, Cromwell's forces besieged the Royalists, who had intrenched themselves in the ruins, and completely levelled with the ground those parts of the ruins which were on the side on which the attack was made.

Among the remains of the sculpture of the Abbey which the excavators have discovered, is a square block of stone, which originally was carved with beautiful arabesque ornaments on the whole four of its sides. The ornaments on two sides have been carefully removed, while those on the other two are in a good state of preservation. What this stone was originally intended for it is impossible to guess, but there is no doubt that it was held in high estimation, from the great care that had been taken in its preservation and concealment. The workmen, when they discovered it, were at work on the floor of the chancel, when they suddenly came to the flat surface of what appeared to be a slab of freestone; when they had discovered the edges of this slab, they found traces of carving, and, proceeding with great care, at length brought to light the stone we have spoken of; it had been carefully built round with brick, and the whole mass was covered with hardened cement.

Among other relics, were a quantity of glazed tiles on the floor of the church,—these were covered with various ornaments, and appeared originally to have formed a kind of cross of mosaic work, but the greater portion were missing. Fragments of stained glass were also found, of beautiful colours; in one place, a kind of coffin, or excavation, was discovered, just capable of receiving a human body. It contained bones, but had no covering. The steps leading down to what is supposed to have been the cellar, have been laid open, while the fragments of carved stone which have been found, show that the building, in its pristine state, must have been as beautiful as it was extensive.



PART OF THE REMAINS OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY, READING.